

See First Society

NOTICE OF MORNING

SATURDAY VISITOR.

E. CAMERON & L. J. RITCHIE.

Here stand the Press the People's rights maintain.

Unaw'd by influence, unbrib'd by gain.

[EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.]

VOL. IV

CITY OF WARSAW, MISSOURI. SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30, 1848.

NO. 26.

Office over the Drug Store. (Entrance from the Public Square.)

TERMS.

The Saturday Morning Visitor is published once a week, at Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance.

Advertisements will be inserted at \$1 per square (of sixteen lines or less) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each continuation. For one square 3 months, \$5—do for six months, \$8—do for 12 months, \$12 00.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions required, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisers by the year will be confined strictly to their business.

Candidates announced for \$3 00.

POETICAL.



PLEASURE.

What are riches, glory, pride,
Laurel-wreath, or jewelled crown,
When upon life's troubled tide,
Weary, way-worn man goes down:
What are man's dearest pleasures,
But the fitful meteor's gleam?
What his grandeur?—what his treasure?
Moonlight on a mountain stream.
Soon we quit life's busy path,
For silence of the grave—
Soon the banner, mighty death,
O'er the proudest head shall wave—
Soon the dweller in the hall
And the child of peasant birth,
Like the first leaves shall fall
Nightingale with their mortal earth.
Prince and peasant, priest and king—
Like the little flowers that blush
On the bosom of the spring,
Time's unsparring foot shall crush.
What! O what is pleasure then!
Can it hush our woes to sleep?
Can it still the throb of pain
Rankling in the bosom deep?
When the brightest cloud that swims
Vision-like across the sky,
Stays the summer's burning beams,
As it floats unheeded by:
Then shall glittering gems of earth
Bid our sorrows cease to flow—
To the joyous laugh of mirth,
Change the thrilling pang of woe.

THE DARK SIDE OF MATRIMONY

Lately a slave in the West Indies, who had been married to another slave by one of the Missionaries, at the end of three weeks brought his wife back to the clergyman, and desired him to take her back again. The clergyman asked what was the matter with her.
"Why, massa, she no good. The book says she obey me. She no wash my clothes. She no do what I want her to do."
The Minister said—"But the book says you were to take her for better or for worse."
"Yes, massa, but she all worse and no better. She sin too much worse and no good at all."

To-morrow those that are now gay may be sad—those now walking the avenue of pleasure may be the subjects of sorrow—those on the mountain summit may be in the valley—that rosy cheek may have the lily's hue—the strong may falter—death may have come.

A PLEASANT RIDDLE.—I will consent to all you desire, said a young female to her lover, on consideration that you give me what you have not, what you never can have, and yet what you can give me.
What did she ask him for? Answer—A husband.

No JOKE.—The more a man works the less time he will have to grumble about hard times.

Use not evasions when called upon to do a good action, nor excuse when you are reproached for doing a bad one.

A Fellow in jail wishes he had the small pox, so he could break out. He has tried every thing else he can, but he can't come it.

From Holden's Dollar Magazine. THE MYSTERIOUS HUNTSMAN.

A TALE OF ILLINOIS.

BY PAUL CRAWTON.

CHAPTER I.

The Family on the River des Plaines.

To him who has been pent up in the walls of a city during a portion of his life, or to him who has sailed for months upon the ocean without beholding land, there can be no sight more beautiful, more refreshing, than the prairie, between the months of May and October.

We speak not of the prairie which has been described as low, monotonous, and capable of giving root and nutriment to nothing but tall coarse grass, but of the prairie as it really exists—broad, fertile, undulating, covered with a robe of the richest green, and ornamented with a variety of the loveliest wild flowers—in short, of the prairie which the first of American poets has so beautifully described, and which we have wandered over in person, day after day, with no companion save our dog and gun.

Within a few years the population of the prairies of Illinois has increased with astonishing rapidity. The banks of the principal rivers, which are bordered for the most part with thickets and heavy oak trees, are now inhabited by emigrants from almost every portion of the world. The timber is fallen, the deer is hunted from his native haunts, and the broad prairies, which extend from stream to stream, houses, barns, and fields of grain appear.

Upon the banks of the *River des Plaines*, several miles south of the famous Mount Juliet, which Schoderer has so aptly described, there dwelt, not many years ago, a family which had emigrated from Vermont. The population at that time was somewhat thinner than at present, but still the neighborhood in which this family resided, boasted of many respectable emigrants from the Eastern States. Of these, none were more highly esteemed than the family in question, and surely none possessed a finer locality or richer lands. In short, Mr. Austin was an industrious, enterprising and benevolent man; one who a fit companion for such an individual, and the fair Ellen, the worthy offspring of an upright father, and a once beautiful and still good-looking mother.

Besides Ellen, who was sixteen years of age, Mr. Austin had another child—a son, who had remained at the East to finish his education, and who at the time our story opens, was daily expected by his parents in the West. This young man was of a fiery disposition, talented, but self-conceited, headstrong, and above all, bitterly satirical.

Not far from the residence of Mr. Austin, which, as we have said, was on the banks of the *des Plaines*, there lived a young man of an eccentric disposition, about whose existence a sort of mystery hung. He was about twenty-five years of age, tall, well made, dark complexioned, and possessed of a most striking and expressive countenance, which, if not handsome, was at least dignified and manly. He lived alone on the edge of the prairie, dividing his time between hunting, fishing and cultivating a small tract of land which he had purchased. He was affable to all; but there was only one being whose society he courted—and that was Ellen Austin. In fact, matters had been carried so far, that it was rumored that Clinton Grover and Ellen Austin were to be united by bonds which death alone can sever. It is needless to say that Ellen's companions cautioned her against encouraging the addresses of one so scarcely known, and who was apparently poor and friendless. However, there was something in Clinton's appearance that dispelled all her doubts, and won her heart in spite of his poverty and mysterious course of life.

CHAPTER II.

It was in the month of August; the day was drawing to its close, and the shades of evening were gathering slowly over the prairie. It was at that hour when day seems to melt gently away, and the stars appear faint and glimmering upon the canopy of heaven.

A hunter, at that time, might have been seen plodding his way along the sloping banks of the *des Plaines*. His gun was upon his shoulder, and his game-bag, filled with a dozen fat grouse, or prairie hens, was strapped upon his back. A faithful pointer, fat and weary, followed close behind him, stopping occasionally to bathe his burning tongue in the waters of the stream.

This hunter was no other than Clinton Grover. In the middle of the afternoon, he had wandered forth to enjoy his favorite sport, and giving way to the excitement

of the hunt, had carelessly procured several miles from home. Hunger now became pressing, and having left the prairie for the bank of the stream, he began to look forward in hopes of seeing the well-known roof of a tavern which was situated on the river des Plaines.

At length, after proceeding some distance down the stream, the inn of the "White Rabbit" appeared in view. This was a rudely constructed building, designed for the accommodation of hunters and travelers in that portion of the West; and well it carried out its design, as we ourselves can witness, having more than once had occasion to test the skill of the good landlord, and to taste his wines, his venison and wild fowl.

Clinton entered without ceremony, and giving his gun and bag of game into the hands of Boniface, threw himself carelessly upon a lounge.

"You are always sure of making a good haul, you are," said the landlord, casting a glance of admiration at the heavy game bag. "If I should hunt a week, I am sure I couldn't kill a dozen such fat chickens as you have got to-day."

"And not only to-day," returned Clinton, "but during just two hours' time this afternoon. But it is nothing; I have killed twice the number before now in half the time."

"Lucky fellow," sighed the landlord. "Lucky? Why, every man has his gifts, as my grandfather used to say. I have the good fortune of being a tolerably good shot, while you, old fellow, are blessed with the faculty which enables you to get up the most tempting supper in the world. By the way, I am a little faint in the regions of the stomach, and the memory of the fat venison steaks I've had the honor of eating at your table, before now, makes me impatient; so, serve me a dish as soon as possible, and in addition to the usual fee, you shall take your choice of the chickens in my bag."

"Good!" exclaimed the landlord; "and if you've no objections, I will take the rest at his usual price."

"Impossible!" replied Grover. "I have killed them expressly to give to my neighbors. But to the supper."

"In eleven minutes and a quarter," said Boniface, looking at his watch. "Left to himself, Clinton Grover took his dog's head upon his knees, and stroking his neck mechanically, was soon lost in meditation.

He had remained but a short time in this position, when two travellers arrived at the door of the inn. The waiter hastened to take care of their horse and carriage, and to invite them to enter.

"Water him in half an hour, and give him four quarts of oats," said the chief of the two, who was apparently one of those who, at that time, in case of necessity, helped travellers on their way by private conveyance. "Do not unharness him," he continued, "for although he has been driven from Chicago to-day, he has got some half dozen miles farther to go to-night."

"Is it not more than half-a-dozen miles?" asked the younger traveller.

"It is not more than eight, at the farthest," replied his companion.

"Then, it seems to me, it is scarcely worth while to stop."

"You can do as you like about it," said the elder traveller, somewhat sharply, "but as for my horse, he shall go no farther until he has been fed."

"I beg your pardon," returned the other; "I had forgotten the horse in my impatience to get along."

The two now entered the tavern, and Clinton Grover had a fair view of the countenance and figure of each. The younger alone attracted his attention. He was a year or two younger than himself, and possessed of a fine dark eye, a lofty brow, and a slight but well-proportioned frame. He entered, and sat down at a short distance from the huntsman.

Clinton, who was somewhat vexed to think that his supper was delayed, continued to pat the neck of his dog, without appearing to notice the strangers.

As is often the case, when we least wish for company, two additional travellers arrived just at the time when the landlord was coming to announce that supper for three was ready. As it was his custom to make all his guests sup together, he hastened to order a few additional preparations, thus causing a second delay, to the great annoyance of Clinton.

The new comers advanced in the bar-room, and seemed greatly rejoiced in beholding the young traveller who sat opposite Clinton. It appears that they had become acquainted at Juliet, or on the road between that place and Chicago.

Clinton, who was of a taciturn disposition, remained silent, while the four new comers engaged in a lively conversation. At length the supper was announced.

The table was plentifully spread, but five excellent appetites served greatly to relieve it of its load. The repast ended, the company returned to the bar-room, in

which the horse-boy had, in the meantime, been regulating Fido, Clinton's dog, with scraps of venison and poultry.

CHAPTER III.

The Combat.

"Dogs are curious animals," said the young traveller whom we have described; "regarding Fido, and at the same time fighting his cigar."

Fido, as if conscious of being the subject of conversation, crept to his master's side and slunk behind his chair. Clinton paid no attention to the remark, but began to make preparations for continuing his journey homeward.

"Curious animals," continued the young man, who was evidently anxious of saying or doing something to gain the approbation of his companions. "By the way, did you ever see a dog smoke?"

"Never!"

"It is a pity; they are the finest smokers in the world. If you would like to see the operation, I promise to make that cur smoke my cigar down to nothing."

"Good!" exclaimed his companions. Clinton said nothing. The young man began to call Fido, who remained obstinately behind his master's chair; at last he advanced, and took the dog by the ears, and in spite of his resistance, dragged him to the centre of the room. Clinton's eyes flashed fire, but he said not a word. As for the young traveller, he had promised his companions a treat, and he could not easily retract.

"He may not like the taste at first," said he, proceeding to place the cigar between Fido's lips; "but I promise you he will soon get used to it."

A cry from Fido—a long, plaintive cry—told that in the struggle he was burned.

"Fido, come here," said the hunter, in a half-suppressed but decided tone. The poor dog struggled to get free, but the young man, who had evidently been piqued at Clinton's silence, still held the animal by the ears.

"Young man," said the hunter, pale with suppressed passion, "let my dog come to me—I have called him."

The traveller answered with a sneer. His companions shrunk back, for they saw the storm about to burst.

"Do you hear?" cried Clinton, starting to his feet.

"And what if I do?"

"Then obey."

The young man loosed the dog, but it was only to advance with a passionate gesture towards the hunter.

"Do you dare to insult me?" he said.

"Do you dare to abuse my dog in my presence?" retorted the other. "By heavens, if you must vent your abuse on something, I am at your service."

The young traveller, pale with passion, but yet calm, regarded Clinton fixedly, holding his arms.

"You shall give me satisfaction for this," he exclaimed.

"As I said before, I am at your service."

"To-night?"

"Any time."

"But you have no witnesses—"

"One of your companions will do me that service."

"Be it so."

In half an hour all things were arranged. It being the evening, and the use of pistols inconvenient, one of the travellers, who was from the south, suggested the utility of swords. Clinton appeared indifferent; his antagonist, who had learned the use of that weapon, was delighted; and accordingly, a pair of short rapiers were produced from one of the traveller's trunks.

The landlord, pale with excited fear, would have run out to give the alarm, but one of the travellers took his station at the door to prevent both egress and entrance. Fido, who appeared to understand the whole affair, stood behind his master whining most piteously.

The weapons were placed in the hands of the antagonists, and the word was given to commence. For half a minute their swords played about each other carelessly, but to a sudden, except that the first few passes indicated that both were masters of the weapon.

"Landlord," said Clinton, as calmly as if he were merely practicing for exercise, "trust one of the chickens in my bag, for, after killing this fellow, I shall want to take a morsel."

"You then expect hard work?" observed the traveller, getting warm.

"On the contrary, as a proof, take that!" Clinton made a rapid thrust, and touched his antagonist's thigh.

"It's nothing—a mere scratch—"

"Only a foretaste of what's to come," interrupted Clinton. "I think you will never teach dogs to smoke any more. By the way, if you have any thing to say to these gentlemen—any last request to make—speak, for I am getting impatient."

The traveller was exasperated at the coolness of his antagonist. He made fu-

rious thrusts, which Clinton parried with all imaginable ease.

"Speak," repeated the hunter, "for it is now near eight o'clock—when the clock strikes, it will be too late."

The traveller said not a word, but the foam of rage stood upon his ashy lips, and the sweat of agony started from his brow. A fearful silence ensued, broken only by the sharp report of steel clashing upon steel.

The spectators became excited; the pointers of the clock were near the hour, and they felt that the hunter would keep his word.

The clock struck!

At the first stroke Clinton made a feint; at the second, he gave the fatal thrust.

The traveller uttered a suppressed cry, and throwing up his arms, fell backward upon the ground.

"It is a pity," said Clinton, wiping the sweat from his brow, "but he would have it so. Gentlemen, you are witnesses of my conduct."

"Perfectly honorable," cried one.

"Admirable," added another.

"Then you will be so good as to excuse me. Send to Juliet immediately for a surgeon, and if there is any help for him, neglect nothing that can be done. Landlord, hand me my gun!"

The landlord obeyed, trembling, and Clinton left the inn.

[Conclusion next week.]

AN ODD CALCULATION.

What a noisy creature would a man be, were his voice, in proportion to his weight, as loud as that of a locust! A locust can be heard at the distance of 1-16 of a mile. The golden wren is said to weigh but half an ounce; so that a middling-sized man would weigh down not short of 4,000 of them; and it must be strange if a golden wren would not outweigh four locusts. Supposing, therefore, that a common man weighs as much as 16,000 of our locusts, and that the note of a locust can be heard 1-16 of a mile, a man of common dimensions, pretty sound in wind and limb, ought to make himself heard at the distance of 1,000 miles; and when he sneezed "his house ought to fall about his ears."

Supposing a flea to weigh one grain, which is more than its actual weight, and to jump one and a half yards, a common man of 150 pounds, with jumping powers in proportion, could jump 12,800 miles, or about the distance from New York to Cochinchina. Aristophanes represents Socrates, and his disciples as deeply engaged in calculations of this kind around a table, on which they were waxing a flea's legs to see what weight it will carry in proportion to its size, but he does not announce the result of their experiments. We are, therefore, happy in being able to supply, in some degree, so serious an omission.

A Word.—Say not a word you had better leave unsaid. A word is a little thing we know, but it has stirred up a world of strife. Suppressing a word has saved many a character—many a life. A word unuttered, and Hamilton would long have lived, a pride of his country. Who can tell the good effects of a single word? Be careful what you say. Think before you speak, and you will never be mortified with yourself, or cause a thrill of pain to flash through the heart of a friend.

Gen. Washington's Grammar.—Geo. Livermore, Esq., of Cambridge, Mass., has in his possession the school grammar used by George Washington more than a century ago. He says that he has been offered \$50 for it, and \$100 could not buy it.

The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son, that "if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the coat of his stomach out." "Then," replied the youth, "let it work in its shirt sleeves."

The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son, that "if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the coat of his stomach out." "Then," replied the youth, "let it work in its shirt sleeves."

The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son, that "if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the coat of his stomach out." "Then," replied the youth, "let it work in its shirt sleeves."

The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son, that "if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the coat of his stomach out." "Then," replied the youth, "let it work in its shirt sleeves."

The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son, that "if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the coat of his stomach out." "Then," replied the youth, "let it work in its shirt sleeves."

The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son, that "if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the coat of his stomach out." "Then," replied the youth, "let it work in its shirt sleeves."

The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son, that "if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the coat of his stomach out." "Then," replied the youth, "let it work in its shirt sleeves."

The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son, that "if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the coat of his stomach out." "Then," replied the youth, "let it work in its shirt sleeves."

The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son, that "if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the coat of his stomach out." "Then," replied the youth, "let it work in its shirt sleeves."

The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son, that "if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the coat of his stomach out." "Then," replied the youth, "let it work in its shirt sleeves."

The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son, that "if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the coat of his stomach out." "Then," replied the youth, "let it work in its shirt sleeves."

The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son, that "if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the coat of his stomach out." "Then," replied the youth, "let it work in its shirt sleeves."

The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son, that "if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the coat of his stomach out." "Then," replied the youth, "let it work in its shirt sleeves."

The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son, that "if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the coat of his stomach out." "Then," replied the youth, "let it work in its shirt sleeves."

DRESS FOR THE MIND.

On Sunday morning, before going to church, what a dressing there is, among all classes, and what a stir to appear gay and pleasing! Is it quite sufficient for the great purpose of our existence to wash the outside of the platter? Curly may be arranged, fine tortoise shell combs fixed, sparkling earrings hung, splendid garments displayed, and yet, perhaps, the gay fair one's mind may be poisoned with conceit, and troubled with rivalry, and kept on the torture by ignorance and vanity. Windsor soap does not wash out the stains of the heart. Cologne water cannot throw a fragrance over an impure mind; nor will the rubies of Golconda dazzle the recording angel into forgetfulness of filling up the leaves of the book of retribution.

MAJOR NOAH'S AGE.

The Major thus answers a correspondent:

"Clarissa H. begs to know our age. How is it that the ladies take greater interest in the fate of old fellows than they do of the young? We have no particular objection to telling our age. We are ten years younger than Mr. Ritchie, of the Washington Union, and he is the most sprightly, active and extraordinary man of his years in the country. We are younger than Mr. Van Buren, who has not yet arrived at the age of discretion."

A Challenge.—It is somewhere said, says the *Utica Advocate*, that the Rev. John Pierpont, the well known and eloquent advocate of the cause of temperance, once said, on rising to address an immense concourse of people,—"If there be an individual, a single one—man, woman or child—in this vast assembly, who has not suffered either directly or indirectly from intemperance, oh let that person stand up, that I may feast my eyes on the first one I have ever seen who has escaped." He paused and looked around him, but no one stirred. An expressive silence confessed that all felt the smart of this universal scourge.

The Grave.—It tries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies smouldering before him—Irving.

Gen. Washington's Grammar.—Geo. Livermore, Esq., of Cambridge, Mass., has in his possession the school grammar used by George Washington more than a century ago. He says that he has been offered \$50 for it, and \$100 could not buy it.

The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son, that "if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the coat of his stomach out." "Then," replied the youth, "let it work in its shirt sleeves."

The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son, that "if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the coat of his stomach out." "Then," replied the youth, "let it work in its shirt sleeves."

The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son, that "if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the coat of his stomach out." "Then," replied the youth, "let it work in its shirt sleeves."

The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son, that "if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the coat of his stomach out." "Then," replied the youth, "let it work in its shirt sleeves."

The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son, that "if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the coat of his stomach out." "Then," replied the youth, "let it work in its shirt sleeves."

The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son, that "if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the coat of his stomach out." "Then," replied the youth, "let it work in its shirt sleeves."

The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son, that "if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the coat of his stomach out." "Then," replied the youth, "let it work in its shirt sleeves."